Harvard College Library
Sept. 30, 1911.
Gift of
~~Alexander Cochrane~~
~~of Boston~~
The English department

ODE
TO THE
KING,
On His Return from
IRELAND.

By *THO. SHADWELL*, Poet Laureat, and Hiſtorio-grapher-Royal to Their Majeſties.

WElcome, thrice Welcome, Sir, from all the Harms,
The rough *Fatigues*, & threatning Dangers paſt,
To your *Britannia's*, and *Maria's* Arms:
By each alike with *Eager Joys* embrac'd.
Both equally did for your *Abſence* Mourn,
And both alike Languiſh'd for your *Return.*
For whereſoe're abroad in Camps y' appear,
We not for Us, but for your *Perſon* fear.
In your *Great Breaſt* ſo much does *Valour* burn,
You urge ſo home, ſo much your ſelf expoſe,
Your Courage does affright your *Friends*, as well as *Foes.*

Your

Your Troops, when charg'd to March by your Com-
Aſtoniſh'd with Prodigious Wonder ſtand, (mand,
To ſee the Crowding Bullets fly
At unregarding Majeſty;
While their *Great Leader* is concern'd no more
Than at ſome gentle and refreſhing Showr.
But ſoon they Recollect, are ſoon Inſpir'd
To act ſuch Deeds as He alone can teach:
By his unparallel'd Example fir'd,
They preſs towards That which they can never reach.
You not alone your *Troops* Command, but ſhow
What you would have 'em *Bear*, what *Do*;
Who, with Amazement, find all firſt Perform'd by *You*.

Moſt with Impatience Toil, and *Hazards* bear;
Some grieve at *Wounds*, and apprehend each *Scar*;
But your *Vaſt Soul* alone *Enjoys* the *War*.
Not the fierce *Lover* ſhows more chearful haſte,
Meeting the beauteous Nymph to be Embrac'd,
As the Reward of all his Service paſt;
Than you to joyn in *Battle* with a Foe:
So much your Mighty Mind does *Glory* prize,
In your erected Look fierce Joy you ſhow,
And kindled *Virtue* flaſhes in your Eyes,
While you all *Hazards*, *Wounds*, and *Death* deſpiſe.
You to your Dangerous *Wound* would give no reſt;
You wou'd not be at leiſure to be Cur'd:
The pain of which found room in every *Breaſt*,
Unfelt by you alone; or elſe endur'd
With that *Great Temper*, and that *God-like Mind*
Which in your *Sacred Breaſt* alone we find.

That *Wound*, at which th' Aſtoniſh Muſe
Aid to all Numbers, did refuſe.

A *Wound*, which deeply pierc'd each *Gen'rous Heart*:
Which your Three *Kingdoms* tenderly did feel;
A Blow, which made all injur'd *Princes* ſtart,
And all the *Great Confederacy* Reel.
The only *Holy League*, that e're was made,
A *League* oppreſs'd *Mankind* to free
From the moſt Barb'rous Foe did e're Invade
With *Sword*, and *Fire*, and *Treachery*.
But Heav'n of you took ſuch peculiar Care
That ſoon the *Royal Breach* it did Repair,
And ſav'd your *Great Allies* from all Deſpair.
And now through all the *League*, in every Heart
Your Vig'rous Influence does it ſelf exert;
You, like the *Soul*, are *All* in every *Part*.

When Coz'ning *Fame* did the falſe Tidings ſpread
Through *France*, That our *Naſſau* was Dead;
The Great *Faux Brave*, void of all Shame,
Loudly to *Europe* did Proclaim
How much he did your *Sacred Perſon* dread:
By the moſt Barbarous, and Abject ways;
Such as the *Turk*, or *Tartar* ſcorns to uſe.
Thus, thus he did your Awful *Valour* praiſe,
And his own *Fear* to all Mankind Accuſe.
Who in his mean, and *Savage* Joys muſt find
More of a *Woman*, than a *Hero's* Mind.
Who, with no Decence, then his Joy cou'd bear,
With no ſound Temper can Support his Fear,
(Tho Bullets he reſolves not to come near)
When you, Sir, at the Head of this *Great League* appear.

Now, ſince ſo many, and ſo great Affairs
Employ your *Royal Mind* with Cares;

And you the mighty Weight *alone* Sustain,
Your happy *Subjects* you with *Arms defend*,
Instruct with *Manners*, and with *Laws amend*;
I, from *Mankind*, cou'd no Indulgence gain
If, from the *Public Good*, you longer I detain.
Welcome, *Great Prince*! from Toils, and Arms,
To soft *Maria*'s Beauteous Charms:
Who in your Absence *Reign'd* so well,
And did so much the *Virgin Queen* excel,
No more shall we old Tales of our *Eliza* tell.
VVelcome, *Great Sir*! to fill your *Brittish* Throne:
Brittain, with Justice, you may call your own;
VVhich to a Mighty Kingdom you advance,
From a poor Province, to Insulting *France*.

FINIS.

Books Newly Printed for *James Knapton*, at the *Crown* in St. *Paul*'s-*Church-yard*.

A Congratulatory Poem on His Highness the Prince of *Orange*'s coming into *England*. *By Tho. Shadwell.*

A Congratulatory Poem to the most Illustrious Queen *Mary*, upon Her Arrival into *England*. *By Tho. Shadwell.*

An *Ode* on the Anniversary of the King's Birth. *By Tho. Shadwell.*

The Squire of *Alsatia*. A Comedy, Acted by Their Majesties Servants. Written by *Tho. Shadwell.*

Bury Fair. A Comedy, Acted by Their Majesties Servants. Written by *Tho. Shadwell.*

The Fortune Hunters, or, two Fools well met. A Comedy, as it is Acted by their Majesties Servants. Written by *James Carlile*

The True Widow, a Comedy, as it is Acted by Their Majesties Servants.

The Widdow *Ranter*, or the History of *Bacon* in *Virginia*. A Tragi-Comedy, acted by Their Majesties Servants. Written by Mrs. *A. Behn.*